The Saturday News
ALBERTA
AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW
INDUSTRY ENERGY ENTERPRISE

VOL. VI., NO. 1. EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE MANIFESTATION

I saw not the singer, but the song came to me,
Like the sorrowing wail of the homeless sea.
Through the darkling night came the sad refrain,
That told of the Christ that had ceased to reign.
Of the spirit that rose from the Syrian tomb
Crushed out of the world for the want of room.
I searched in the chapel; on the Altar stair
I found a creed, but the Christ not there.

Back, back I rushed to the cold, dark street
And heedless of wind or driving sleet
Men stood in groups and I heard them tell
Of the youth who was brave when the mine was hell,
Of the unknown man who gave up his life
That a chum might go back to a child and wife.
So my song was false, 'twas an idle dream,
For the world is still ruled by the Nazarene.

"Mac," Edmonton, Dec. 1910.

One cannot be a pessimist at Christmas time. Philosophies, founded on the assumption that men are either brutes or hypocrites, have to be retired for the time being. The universal feeling which the glad season inspires is a more convincing evidence of the truth of Christianity than any which Dr. Paley or other theological heavy-weights ever advanced. We are all of us, at the bottom, deeply religious, in the broadest and best sense, and if our best instincts could be appealed to throughout the year, as they are at the time of this great festival, it would be a vastly different world we should be living in.

We hear much about the foundations of religion being shaken by the great changes that are being wrought in our modes of living and habits of thought. Men and women have undoubtedly cut adrift from their old-time moorings within the past half century to a hitherto unheard of extent. They are unwilling to listen to the voice of authority as they once did and prefer to do their own thinking. But it is beginning to dawn upon many of those who viewed this development with fear, that it has meant, not a falling away but a strengthening of those primal virtues, the great exemplification of which was given by Him whose advent we commemorate at this happy time.

If we but followed more closely the example which that wonderful life and death afforded, if we were content with the guidance which it gives, and did not superimpose upon it all kind of man-made theories, most of which mystify and many of which repel, we would find a very much larger unity of spirit among nominally Christian people than prevails today. It is because at Christmas time we get down to this simpler basis that our religion then acquires so much larger a scope. The churches send forth a message to which all can respond. The man, who has scoffed at their claims all year round, we find listening with true devotion to Christmas carols and performing those deeds of kindness and love, which are the perfect manifestation of the Christian spirit.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who isn't in the habit of writing on such subjects, not very long ago entered into a discussion of the question "Are we less religious?" that was running in a London newspaper. What he had to say is well worth noting at this particular season, as showing the viewpoint of the average layman of intelligence.

"One true test of progress in true religion" he wrote " are (1) is there a kinder and broader view of such subjects enabling all men of all creeds to live in amity and charity? (2) Are the criminal statistics better? (3) Are the drink returns better? (4) Is there more reading, more demands for lectures, more interest in science, showing that the mind is gaining on the body? (5) Are the savings bank returns better, showing thrift and self-denial? (6) Are the trade returns better, showing greater industry and efficiency? (7) Are there more charitable institutions and does man show more clearly his sense of duty towards the lower animals? Such practical tests as these are worth more than the ritual observances which may or may not go with a good life."

"There is an aggressive form of religion" he continued "calling itself dogmatic faith, which has done more harm to the human race than pestilence or famine. Directly to its door must be laid, not only all the blood-stained history of Mahometanism, but all the murderous doings which have in turn disgraced every sect of Christianity. In the name of Christ, the Apostle of Peace, this dreadful school of thought, within a few centuries of His death, brought about such quarrels and such murder as had never been heard of in pagan days. Over the Homoiousian question, a theological point depending on a diphthong, it has been reckoned that a hundred thousand people lost their lives, champions and victims of faith.

"A. makes his proofless assertion and calls it his faith. B. has the right to do the same. Then A. and B. hate each other with a holy hatred, and there is the epitome of the blackest chapters in the history of the world. We who are like shipwrecked mariners upon this little raft of a world, moving upon the face of the infinite ocean, have enough to do to live kindly among ourselves without quarreling bitterly about that which is beyond the horizon."

To his mind it is inconceivable that any absolutely hard and fast incontrovertible system of theology can be built upon the New Testament. "But its spirit" he considers "is clear enough and there lies the justification of Christianity."

...A Christmas Day Toast...

"Here's to those that we love,
Here's to those that love us,
Here's to those that love them that we love,
And to those that love them that love us."

The truth of the words of the Founder of our faith, that is the letter which kills and the spirit which giveth life, is especially impressed each year at Christmas time. The Christ spirit then sways all hearts. Why should it not be enough for anybody at all seasons?

No wonder that Christmas is a time of joy and of hope, that it casts a new glory upon our workaday world and invests those about us with qualities which at other times we are slow to recognize. Its power over the human heart is the most wonderful thing in life.

Of Christmas past let us remember now
Only the smiles, forgetting all the tears—
Only the hopes, forgetting all the fears!
Life's way is all too long, that we should bow
Beneath the ancient burdens of dead years.

Of Christmas in the future let us speak
Only with courage, looking for the best—
Only with hope, leaving to faith the rest!
Life's day is all too short that we should seek
To dim its brightness at our own behest.

And in the present Christmas let us give
All help from care the suffering to release—
All zeal, to share our happiness and peace!
For life is long enough for love to live
And short enough for bitterness to cease.

In extending to its readers the season's greetings, The Saturday News desires to call attention to the fact that the present issue marks the beginning of the sixth year of its existence. It has always regarded it as a happy omen that it made its bow to the public in Christmas week. Half a decade is a short period in the life of an individual, but a long one in that of a Western Canadian city and province, and such vast changes have been wrought since that day of first publication, that one is apt to grow reminiscent after the fashion of the real old-timer. The progress which Edmonton and Alberta have made in the interval has been the marvel of the world, and it should be a matter of no small pride to each one of us to have played a part therein. But it isn't if the drama were ended. It is really just beginning to unfold. The faith, which has served to buoy us up in days of disappointment, is only now receiving its fullest measure of justification. To some the oft-repeated salutation of Christmas week must have a hollow sound. Where all has been grief and misfortune, some other expression of good-will seems more fitting. But in a new country of such glowing prospects and such unbounded optimism, where there is so much to hearten and so little to depress, the familiar words should come to most of us with an intensified meaning. Feeling assured, therefore, that the hopes to which it gives expression will have an abundant realization, The Saturday News wishes its friends the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years..

Mr. E. H. Riley, ex-M.P.P. of Calgary, has set an example to the wealthy men of that and other cities by donating six acres of land for the purposes of an athletic ground and arranging to have it fitted up so that it will fully answer the purpose intended. It is within two blocks of a car-line, and is certain to be taken advantage of very largely next season. Those who have the means have here a unique opportunity of making themselves absolutely solid with posterity. A niche in the gallery of local immortals could not be obtained in any other way with a smaller outlay. Mr. Riley will find that to thus earn the gratitude of present and future generations of citizens is less costly and a great deal more satisfactory than being member for Gleichen.

An anti-Reciprocity League has been formed in Chicago, its object being explained by the pledge which its members take. It reads:

"I solemnly promise to give only such Christmas presents as are prompted by an uncontrollable desire to make someone happy, and I pledge myself absolutely to be uninfluenced by the question, 'Will he (or she) give ME something?'"

This undoubtedly is the proper Christmas spirit. But how long would a person want to continue in the role of a recipient without giving any expression of friendly feeling in return?

The Saturday News has always been profoundly impressed with the great change which the opening of the Panama Canal must mean to Alberta in placing us in close touch with Europe. With easy railway grades through the mountains and an all-sea journey to Liverpool from a Pacific port, our producers will have as large an advantage over those of Manitoba and Saskatchewan as the latter, with their shorter rail haul, now have over us. Mr. W. K. Wright, a journalist who accompanied President Taft on his recent visit to Panama, states that there is to-day every assurance that the great waterway will be ready for maritime commerce by the official date set, January 1, 1915. Indeed, Colonel Goethals, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, and chief engineer of the great work, expects to have the work so well along that it will be possible to make some use of the canal and send warships through it by November 1, 1913.

Considering the prodigious engineering achievements, he declares, progress through the completed Panama Canal will be an amazingly simple task. From the Atlantic to Gatun Dam a steamer will be enabled to proceed at full speed for the seven miles over the broad deep channel. At Gatun the vessel will be lifted up 85 feet by the three successive locks, and perhaps as the steamer is lifted up the gradual ascent, which, as one approaches it, looks like a long sloping hillside, other steamers will be descending by the twin locks on the other side. Across Gatun dam to Culebra cut the vessel will proceed at full speed, and only when the cut itself is reached and the channel has narrowed down to 300 feet will the boat steam at half speed, and then it will only have to go at this rate for nine miles through the backbone of the continent, then Pedro Miguel locks are reached; then Miraflores dam, and then the vessel, which has saved a trip "around the Horn," may steam at full speed to the Pacific Ocean.

The trip will be a marvel. From the time a pilot is sighted on one ocean until the pilot is dismissed on the other it will take but two days at the most, to negotiate the fifty miles that will cut off two continents. The actual time required for the passage of a vessel through the entire canal will be even less, Ten or twelve hours will accomplish the passage, according to the size of the ship and the rate of speed at which it can travel, so that the estimate of two days is a big one even when the taking on of pilots and the entrance to the broad deep channels are taken into consideration. The time a boat will spend in the locks is estimated at three hours—one hour and one-half in the three locks of Gatun and about the same time in the three locks on the Pacific side. The vessels will not go through the locks by their own steam. All will be towed by electricity, which also will operate the gates and valves. The power will be generated by turbines from the fall created by Gatun lake, so in reality a great problem with which the engineers have had to contend in making the canal, the problem of taking care of the enormous flow of the tropical rivers, has been solved and the surplus water, which does not escape over the spillways, will be harnesesd to draw ships through the Panama Canal.

The Panama Canal, when completed, will probably cost the United States Government $325,000,000, but it is expected to pay for itself many times over. Besides this there is an additional $50,000,000, which was paid to a French Canal Company, and also the Republic of Panama for rights and franchises. This makes a total of $375,000,000. By the time the canal is fortified it will have cost considerably over $400,000,000.

The release of Federonko, the Russian refugee, who has been in custody in Winnipeg, will give general satisfaction. This is the second famous case of its kind that has arisen in Canadian history. In the late fifties an escaped slave, Anderson by name, who had killed two pursuers, was protected from the American authorities on the ground that the crime was not an ordinary one but an incident of slavery. In the same way that of which Federenko was accused was clearly an incident of political prosecution.

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Home and Society

The week before Christmas I think social notes might very well be allowed to cake a holiday, but instead of this, I find myself absolutely swamped, if I should attempt to report half the meetings and tea-parties that have made this busiest week in the year, the most nerve-racking in my experience as a writer.

Everyone, with one accord, has seemed to take it into her head to do something within a compass of six short days, and the result has been that most of the women I have chatted with this week, take up the time explaining how impossible they have found it, to take in a quarter of the things they would like to have.

Last Thursday and Friday were tremendously busy days. On the first afternoon both Mrs. Muir Frith and Mrs. Landry gave teas, while Friday found Mrs. James Biggar entertaining a huge number of friends for the first time in her charming new home, and Mrs. Norman Soars holding her first reception since her marriage, and Mrs. Ponton, the first since taking up house at the Capital. Scores of smart callers paid their devoirs to both. Mrs. Ponton was assisted by her niece, Miss Armour of Toronto, who is here paying her a visit, while Mrs. Soars had Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Henwood pouring tea, at a table very beautifully arranged with showers of carnations and smilax. On both evenings "The Liars," put on by the Amateur Dramatic Club, drew large and fashionable houses.

In another column, the producer of the play, Mr. A. E. Nash, has a critique of the play and players, so that I shall content myself with a very few general remarks.

All in all the production was, to my mind, an exceedingly clever one. The play is away above the average usually attempted by amateurs. The hundreds of short interpretations, the action, dialogue, and situations, make it an extremely difficult one to handle by novices, and that the local players were able to make of it the genuinely enjoyable performance they did, speaks very well for the talent we have at the Capital.

Of course the sharpest criticism came from one's near and dear fiends, and other amateurs, who "knew how the thing should be done."

I would like to have a word with at least one of those same critics.

Early in the rehearsals of "The Liars" the Musical and Dramatic editor of the Bulletin was asigned a part, after one rehearsal he decided it was too small for his colossal brand of genius, so he wrote the producer stating that he, who had taken such big parts, in his own, and other performances, could not stoop to assume so modest a one in this. So far so good.

The second chapter of his actions is not such edifying reading.

A week before the production of "The Liars," this broad-minded youth openly bragged on the street and in the office of this publication, that he would "fix" the play. This he proceeded to do by inserting the most meagre notice in The Bulletin of the performance, at the same time singling uot the fourteenth character in the programme, a young girl who spoke in all, fourteen lines as the star.

The critic in question is entitled to select whom he pleases for the role, but if his paper is going to allow him to prostitute his public duty as a dramatic reporter, to wreak a private spite I can ouly say that dramatic criticism has fallen to a very low estate indeed in Edmonton.

Praise or blame from such a man isn't worth a grain of salt (read his very foolish criticisms in general, and one may judge of that). But where the general public expect an unbiassed write-up of a play, and rely on the paper, not the man, to see that they get it—I call it very foolish policy indeed for any publication to retain on its staff a man who stoops to such miserable and petty meannesses.

Mrs. Cautley will not receive until the second Tuesday in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Landry left on Sunday for a month or six weeks' visit in Montreal and Mr. Landry's old home, in Dorchester, New Brunswick.

Mis Kate Lowes left on Sunday for her home in Calgary.

(Continued on page 4.)

A narrow mind will not admire, neither will a conceited one.—Mme. Gasparin.

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Published by

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Subscription - - - $1.50 per year
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Music and Drama

A person who writes for the newspapers on musical and dramatic subjects finds much to interest him quite apart from the character of the work on the stage or concert platform that it is his duty to comment upon. The audiences are often much more worthy of study than the artists themselves. How much of the enthusiasm which they display, either during or after a performance, is genuine? How many expressions of opinion are dictated, not by the speaker's actual feelings, but by a desire to say what is the proper thing? How much real merit is overlooked because an industrious press agent hasn't worked up a reputation for it?

After a somewhat extended experience along these lines, I confess that I am pretty much of a cynic. In every audience there is a very considerable proportion of men and women, whose taste is unquestioned and who, when they express opinions of what thy have seen or heard, say what they mean. But they have usually the least comment to make.

When they do express an opinion, they use moderate language. It is never that of ecstasy. Unless there has been a display of out-and-out vulgarity, they are seldom harsh critics, never finding it difficult to discover some merit where there is earnestness. Those who have the most to say about having to go to the large cities to see anything good are invariably those whose experience with large cities is very limited.

It is only infrequently in Edmonton we receive visits from great musical and theatrical celebrities. Melba Mark Hambourg, Kocian, Marie Hall, Madame Langenburg, Mrs. Fiske, Florence Roberts have come to us and the list does not suggest that we are altogether in a backwoods state artistically. But for the most part we have to content ourselves with the work of those whose names carry less of a glamor with them. What I do not think can be emphasized too much is that among these are many who are quite capable of giving the most genuine pleasure to all who have the capacity to receive it. During the past four years we have had, at different theatres in the city, stock companies, playing long engagements, for whose efforts the warmest praise is justly due. I recall with happiest recollections many of the plays in which Miss Verna Felton appeared with the Allen players some seasons ago, while Miss Jeanne Russell, while at times she was surrounded by an indifferent company, was an actress of no mean order. Neither of these stock companies were appreciated to half the extent that they should have been. And to come down to the present, in the Partello Company, now at the Empire, is to be found an organization that is worthy of the heartiest encouragement. Among its members is to be found much genuine talent, and the care and intelligence characterizing the production of its plays cannot be too highly commended.

On top of this, come the efforts of the city's amateurs. The various light operas that they have produced have been away above the standard of the great majority of those on the road. In the field of more serious musical effort, Edmonton's reputation is too well-known to need reference here. As for the dramatic ventures that have been made in recent years they are the object of most justifiable pride. Since the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Society came into existence a little more than a year ago, it has done really valuable service and the public is under no small debt to it.

The production during the past week of that sterling comedy of Henry Arthur Jones "The Liars" represents high water-mark in this department of effort. It was a most ambitious undertaking and very cleverly carried out. There was but one mistake, Mr. Robinson, who has done such good work in other plays, should not have been cast for the part of Falkner. Otherwise, the members of the company, both those in the leading and the subordinate roles, were xcellent and the warmest congratulations are due to them one and all. That the large audiences which turned out for the two performances were delighted there is no question and the pity is that the press of the city, which one would think would be concerned about helping along to the full extent of its ability the cause which the Dramatic Club exists to promote, has not given the hearty recognition of the good work done that Mr. Nash, the capable director, and those associated with him deserved so well.

A Scene from "Under Two Flags" to be presented by the Partello Company soon at the Empire Theatre.

I have asked Mr. Nash to contribute to this department some comment on the play, and he has been kind enough to contribute the following:

In past years I have known it to be quite the usual thing for the stage manager to criticize the players who have worked under him in any play, as he should be the one most capable of judging and picking out each one's good and bad points, and considering the fact that he has watched these people day by day, studying their parts and learning their lines he is frequently able to appreciate the difficulties that beset them. I trust the criticism I offer below will be of help to the various members of the caste in their future acting. I am beginning with minor parts and leaving the bigger ones till the last.

A Scene from "The Virginian" to be presented soon by The Partello Company at the Empire Theatre.

Mr. Spetia as the waiter was exceedingly good and very pleasing to listen to. I think perhaps that it was the fact of his being an Italian that made him so sucessful. Had any of us taken that part we should have fallen down on the pronunciation. Spetia is inclined to speak too quickly and has a habit of speaking behind other peoples' backs. His enunciation is good.

Elswood Seymour as George was the best beginner I have ever had working under me. He tries hard, always knows his lines. He wants to speak a little more clearly, and more to the audience. He had a very bad walk on the stage and stoops. These he will remedy when he gets more confidence.

It is impossible to criticize Stuart as Gilbert Nepean. He was never quite sure of his lines. He speaks much too low and moves about too much. He looks well on the stage.

It is hardly fair to criticize Robinson in the pant of Faulkner. The part did not suit him. His physique is too small. Robinson is a very clever actor, and he knows all the finer points of acting, he speaks well, moves gracefully and acts easily, but was not at all suited to the strong, masterly part of the South African Hero, and he should have been much more serious in his part. It was greatly his own fault that the audience treated his part as humorous.

Farquharson was excellent. His facial expression in the part of Coke, especially when he was cornered in the third act was delightful to witness. He has a fine presence on the stage and holds himself splendidly. I would like to point out one thing to him, however, I think that he is inclined to create a kind of nervousness in others owing to a slight hesitancy in starting his sentences. I should like to see him in a large part.

Maxwell as Freddie was most amusing. There is no doubt in my real life. He studied his part. Every mind that Maxwell was Freddie in minute phase of it and it showed in his acting. We all want to follow his example and live in our parts more. On one or two occasions he raised his voice too much, that was his only fault.

Miss Haight as the maid was perfect.I cannot find a fault with her in the part, and we must try her in a bigger one.

There is a great charm about Miss Forsythe's acting. She creates a feeling of satisfaction in the audience but she is very absent-minded on the stage and should not laugh when Sir Christopher clasps her to his bosom.

Miss Penelope Davies was good for a beginner.She must speak up and in order to help her I should advise her to read aloud, it is the most splendid help in acting, and gives one great freedom of speech. She also wants to study facial expression, she is a good worker and will do well.

Miss Aloysia Mckenny as Dolly approached very near to the smart set society. I liked her acting. She walks well and looks well. She wants to learn to laugh on the stage, her laugh is too forced, but she acted with great abandon and her lines are always perfect.

Miss Seymour is an admirable actress. She has a good speaking voice and a most natural and musical laugh. I think perhaps that as Lady Rosamund she should have been more frivolous. Rosy was really almost as light a person as Jessica and had she had the same opportunities would have done the same foolish things. Then again, once or twice Miss Seymour spoke too loudly in addressing Gilbert. Even if she had been wild with Gilbert Lady Rosamund would never have spoken to him above an ordinary quiet voice. Miss Seymour's facial expression is very good and she is acting all the time, a great asset in an actress, and she is a great worker.

I now come to the most difficult criitcism of all, that of Mrs. Watt as Lady Jessica. She had a most difficult pant, none of us realized at first how difficult, the continual repetition was very trying to anyone. Mrs. Watt gives me an impression I have experienced but seldom. She seems to speak her lines first and act them afterwards. It might give some the impression that she is thinking of the sense of them, and as a result she ften prefixes an "er" before a word. This is her worst fault and the more she acts the less noticeable it is. Once or twice she missed a cue last week, but recovered herself. She has a wonderful knack of rising to the occasion. This alone tells me that she will make a good actress. She carries herself very well indeed, and wore beautiful clothes beautifully. She is worthy of another lead. She wants more facial expression.

In conclusion, to all the caste, I would like to see more facial acting. Everyone should be acting all the time. We are all apt to stand and do nothing when we are not actually speaking, it helps others so much to be continually on the alert for the minutest bits of acting..

Albert E. Nash,

(Continued f on page eleven.)

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Lowes who spent most of last week in town, guests of the King Edward, left on Friday morning for Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Cornwall had a smart supper party in the private parlor of the King Edward after Thursday night's performance of "The Liars," Mr. and Mrs. Lowes, Mr. W. L. Walsh, K.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt being the invited guests.

The table was beautifully decorated with a great shower of carnations and fern, smilax being gracefully festooned to form a centrepiece. Mrs. Cornwall wore a lovely Paris frock of peacock green crepe de chine, with handsome garnitures.

Mrs. Bulyea returned to the Capital at last week-end, so Government House will not be closed for Christmas. The Premier and Mrs. Sifton, and Mrs. Clark Dennis leave this Friday to spend the holidays with the Premier's mother in Winnipeg. They will be home however in time for the New Year.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Swaisland and several of the prominent hostesses at the Capital, are giving large dinner parties on Monday, the official Christmas. I have heard of any number of affairs on the tapis for this joyous occasion, so imagine that Sunday will be celebrated as the quiet, intimate home day with the children, Monday reserved for social affairs.

Mrs. Swaisland is having a Christmas tree for her children and their little friends on Christmas Eve.

Mr. David Robinson left for his home in Ireland, going by way of Boston, on Sunday afternoon. He intends to remain at home until the Spring at least. I thought him not looking as robust as he might when he left, and hope that home and his native air will prove a fine tonic for him.

Miss Maxine Morris is home from her school in Toronto for the holidays.

Dear knows how many wee boys and girls went to Master Fred and Miss Betty Pardee's beautiful Christmas party on Saturday afternoon last.

Around the Bank of Montreal corner seemed shoals of young beauties and gallants with their nurses or doting mammas when the party was over, and the young guests were dispersing.

It was a really splendidly arranged party, the fine big rooms being an ideal setting for the children to romp and play in, at the same time leaving enough space for a huge tree, and a great table laden with every goodie, dear to a kiddie's heart.

Master Fred did the honors in great style, and looked very jaunty in a spotless blue and white sailor suit, while Miss Betty Pardee, with her great dark eyes and long fair hair, in a beautiful white lingerie frockie, and pale blue stockings and shoes, looked sweet enough to kiss as I noticed several of the young gentlemen seemed to think.

Someone thought that Mr. Tommy O'Kelly and the Santa who dispersed the endless supply of toys and surprises from the tree, bore a strong resemblance to each other, but you and I know, that there is only one really and true Santa, so that it must just have been that Santa's jovial, happy countenance, reminded them one of the other.

Mrs. Frith's tea for Mrs. Burnham on Thursday, drew together a jolly little crowd all eager to meet this newest bride, whose husband has been one of the popular young men about town.

The delightful cosy home looked very tempting about the tea hour, with prettily-frocked women perched in every nook and corner of the attractive living room, and crowded about the tea-table, a poem in green and white.

Here Mrs. T. W. Lines and Mrs. James Smith presided, the table being done with white chrysanthemums and fern, the tempting dainties being in harmony with the lovely color scheme.

Strangely enough, both Mrs. Frith and Mrs. Burnham, and the two assistants who served tea, all chose pale blue costumes for the afternoon. Most strange of all, absolutely unknown to each other.

The hostess had on a very sweet embroidered pale blue linen frock, th guest of honor, wearing pale blue Duchess satin with lace and cord embroidery, and a large black picture hat.

Mrs. Landry's "tea" was also very well done, and the pretty rooms being crowded from four until six, with a joyous crowd, who eagerly chatted as they sipped their tea, and exchanged gossip.

Mrs. Landry received in a modish little frock of pale grey foulard, trimmed with deep folds of pink satin and lace, and looked exceedingly pretty. Miss Kate Lowes, for whom the tea was given, wore a most effective gown of tan chiffon, with a huge black picture hat.

In the tea-room, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hegernan and Mrs. Conroy presided at a table expuisitely done in red roses, and lit by crimson candlelights. The tall graceful basket in the centre was tied by a great soft bow of ribbon, and resting on a lovely drawn linen table-cloth.

Miss Maud McKenny and Miss Viva and Miss Dorothy Sommerville were three pretty assistants.

The huge "tea" given by Mrs. James Biggar on Friday was one of the largest and most fashionable affairs given in Edmonton for some time.

The interior of the house is an exceptionally artistic and well-arranged one, the reception room, done in lilac and white hangings with beautiful old walnut furniture, showing up to beautiful advantage against the white enamelled wood-work, and the last feature, one might write a parabroad, deep-shelfed fire-place. Of this graph in itself, so hospitable and graceful are its lines, and so well-carried out are its smallest details.

About both it and the dining room, across the hall, were arranged the most exquisite flowers, Chinese lillies, pale yellow mums and other lovely blooms, enhancing what unadorned, would be most attractive quarters.

Everybody was telling the dainty little hostess how much they admired everything, the compliments being really deserved, since the house, in every smallest particular, was planned by her and her husband.

Mrs. Biggar was looking charming in palest blue crepe de chine, with some filmy lace garniture. Out in the tea-room Mrs. Mowat Biggar, and Mrs. Bowker poured tea and coffee, and Miss Baldwin served the ices, while a bevy of young matrons, Mrs Pardee, Mrs. Heathcott, Mrs Bowers and Mrs. Percy Hardisty were four attractive assistants.

The lighting of this room is very beautiful, being furnished by a large number of concealed lights, enclosed in the moulding as it meets the ceiling. The walls here are in yellow, and the effect as the light strikes them, that of a glorious sunset. The table decorations on Friday harmonized in color, being a shower of golden mums on a handsome lace centre.

Mrs. Biggar leaves the first of January for a two months' holiday in the East, Mrs. MacMurrich leaving on Tuesday next, and remaining over in Winnipeg until her daughter joins her.

Mrs. Mowat Biggar and Mrs. James Biggar are both giving large dinner parties on Christmas (Monday) night.

I hear it is likely that Mr. Supple will spend Christmas in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar.

Mrs. Charlesworth's "At Home" on Monday was a real Christmas tea party, with crimson decorations and everything calculated to remind one of the Merry Day, so very very near.

The hostess received her guests in a fetching embroidered linen with dainty knife-pleated frills, and her pretty little daughter in a smart white serge frockie, opened the door to the steady stream of guests.

Quite everyone seemed to drop in sooner or later, and congregate around the tea-table, where the most delicious tempting things were being served. Mrs. Frank Sommerville and Mrs Bowker poured tea and coffee, and Mrs. Dickens served the ices. I noticed Miss Bessie Scott in a lovely pale blue crepe de chine gown trimmed with a Paisley border, and the Misses Sommerville and Miss Irene Harbottle assisting.

The table was exquisitely arranged with a shower of crimson carnations in a dull brass basket, tied with ribbon streamers, and the cloth was of Japanese drawn-work, beautifully fine, and lit by crimson candle-lights.

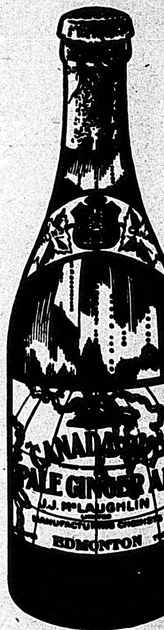
Miss Crosskill is entertaining at a Euchre party (this) Friday evening.

Many friends are glad to see Mr. R. Goldschmidt, manager of the Hudson's Bay Stores, about again after a serious illness, lasting over several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ritchie leave the second week in January for an extended visit to the Coast and Southern California.

(Continued on page eight

ALBERTA'S FAVORITE



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WATCH LITTLE'S WINDOWS

THE INVESTOR

The Montreal Witness has issued a special number to commemorate its jubilee. Not the least interesting part of it is that which describes the change in property values which recent years have seen.

It is about twenty years ago, for instance, it notes, that the Canadian Pacific Ry. purchased the site on which St. James Methodist Church now stands. The sum paid was $70,000. The railway was considering the advisability of erecting their station here, but they changed their plans, and after carrying it a year the directors of the road determined to sell the land for what they had paid. Officials of St. James Church got wind of this. They handed over the required $70,000, and to-day have a property which is said to be worth $1,000,000.

Another story is connected with a church, the old Erskine, which stood for years near the corner of St. Catherine and Peel streets. This property is said to have been sold about 20 years ago for $75,000. Since then it has changed hands a number of times, several fortunes being made out of it. Now the site is used by the Scroggie department store, and is estimated to be worth $675,000.

The old Queen's block, now occupied by Rea's Store, belonged to the Ogilvie estate. Then men interested in real estate declare the land could have been purchased for $150,000. A little more than a year ago it was sold for $650,000.

There is the present Y.M.C.A buildings on the corner of Dorchester street and Dominion square. In the spring it is to go, for the Sun Life Assurance Company has purchased the property at a high figure, and intends, in the spring, starting the erection of a million-dollar office building. The Y.M.C. has secured the old Ogilvie property on Dorchester street, and has already commenced building operations there.

Another transaction worth recording is the sale of a property on St. Catherine street between Balmoral and Mance streets. Mr. James Morgan secured this twenty years ago for thirty thousand dollars. Nearly two years ago he sold it for two hundred thousand dollars.

The reference to the experience of the Montreal churches suggests the much more startling advance in that of the First Presbyterian Church, Edmonton, which was disposed of during the past year at a figure which should put the congregation permanently on easy street. Word now comes from Calgary that the pioneer Presbyterian congregation in that city has done quite as well as Rev. Dr. Macqueen's flock. This week the Knox Church property there, situated at the corner of Centre and Seventh, with 130 feet on the former and 150 feet on the latter has been sold to Dr. N. J. Lindsay for $155,000, $55,000 cash and the balance in one and two years. It is Dr. Lindsay's intention to erect a large business block on the site. The Calgary Albertan recounts the history of this and other church properties in the vicinity.

Five of the six lots sold were donated to the Presbyterian Church by the C.P.R., when plotting the townsite of Calgary. On the opposite angle the Roman Catholic church was given the lots now known as the Mackenzie property the Methodists got the corner of Seventh avenue and First street east where a big business block is now in course of erection by Beveridge Bros., and the Anglican church secured the site of the present Pro-Cathedral, which is the only one of the sites still in possession of the original church owners.

An additional lot was purchased by the Presbyterians in 1904, between the church building and what is now the Alberta club from Chief Smart of the fire department, who had purchased it previously from Mrs. O. Pritchley, for $400.

The manse property at the corner of Fifth avenue and Centre street was sold some time ago for $35,000.

The demand for central property in Edmonton has been maintained to a remarkable extent within the past month. During the present week several large deals have been announced. Reference was made in last issue to the reported purchase of the property on the south side of Jasper opposite the Cecil Hotel.

It was later announced that this has been secured by H. H. Macdonald, of Fairbanks, Alaska, for whom the Seton-Smith Co. was acting, at $53,000. This is at the rate of $1,000 a foot and Mr. Fairbanks will, it is said, put up a large building there next year. A trifle less than $1,000 per foot was paid by Norman Jackson for 53½ feet on the same side of the street midway between Third and Fourth. Dr. Ferris, on his return from the Old Country, sold the first lot from the corner of Ninth and Jasper, on the south side of the latter, for $28,000. J. H. Watts disposed of a lot in the same block, on the north side, for $30,000. But the largest deal reported is the sale of the Victoria Hotel, alongside the new Union Bank building and facing Howard Avenue, by S. Larue to Jean Revillon for $75,000, or $1,500 a foot. This is a pretty fair record for the city's main thoroughfare during a single week.

A lot on First street, beyond the track, at the corner of Nelson, is reported to have sold for $10,500.

The biggest realty sale in the history of the district took place recently in Red Deer. W. P. Ball, K.C., of Toronto, representing a syndicate bought the northern half-section of the Root farm, near the town, for $65,000. It is cornered on one side by the site of the Ladies' Presbyterian College and on the other by the proposed terminals of the Alberta Central Railway

Best lot of books ever published in one season. The best of them are Canadian stories.

LITTLE HAS 'EM

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JEWELERS

Thank their many customers for their liberal patronage and —

Wish them a MERRY CHRISTMAS

JACKSON BROS.
Leading Jewelers

303 Jasper Ave. W.

The Right Stuff

One of this season's good books.

LITTLE HAS 'EM

"It is a well-known fact" says the Monetary Times, "that when the Canadian Pacific Railway invests a dollar anywhere, it expects to get a dollar back in results, and whether the sum be a dollar, or a thousand dollars, or a hundred thousand, the same principle applies, and the company is almost certain that the money will come rolling back. So it must be considered a compliment to Calgary that the Canadian Pacific Railway decided to expend half a million dollars in terminals and other improvements there this year."

On the same principle, the company must expect a good deal from the million and a half expenditure on the bridge by which it will enter Edmonton and the large additional sums which it will have to spend in establishing its terminals here.

Mr. Edwin Auld comes back from a six weeks' trip to Chicago and other American cities with the news that the immigration from the Western States next year will break all records. He expects to sow 600 acres of fall wheat on his 1,000 acre farm at Beaver Lake.

A new industry with large possibilities is quietly commencing operations in Edmonton. It is to be known as the Edmonton Broom Works, and ten skilled operators from Chicago are already on the premises which the company has taken at 638 Second street.

Edmund E. Taylor vice-president of the Gowans-Kent company, Toronto, and director in several wholesale firms in Canada and New York, is removing to Calgary shortly to become managing director of a financial institution in process of formation.

Mr. Taylor is well known in Calgary having been for a number of years in the '90's manager of the Calgary branch of the Hudson's Bay company.

He was born in old Fort Garry, and, has spent nearly the whole of his life in the West.

HOW TO GET RID OF A JOB.

When you've got a job to do, do it now! If it's one you wish was through, do it now! If you're sure the job's your own, just tackle it alone; don't hem and haw and groan—do it now! Don't put off a bit to shirk, do it now! It doesn't pay to shirk, do it now! If you want to fill a place, and be useful to the race, just get up and take a brace, do it now! Don't linger by the way, do it now! You'll lose if you delay, do it now! If the other fellows wait, or postpone until it's late, you hit up a faster gait—do it now! — Intelligencer.

Xmas Cards

"Greetings from Edmonton" and other novelties

WATCH LITTLE'S WINDOWS

Not only to our patrons and freinds but to all we extend the seasons greetings and very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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If you are living within your means your savings will earn more when they are invested in Edmonton real estate than they will earn in the bank or anywhere else. No enterprise or undertaking can pay so high a dividend as a piece of well situated Edmonton real estate.

Let us look at the Groat Estate for a moment. Lots which last Spring were high at $450 are to-day cheap at $700. There's an investment that you cannot equal in any financial or commercial institution in this or any other country.

We have a large listing of the choicest lots in the Groat Estate and if you buy NOW you will be able to realise a profit of from 20 to 100 per cent. in the New Year.

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LEWIS' CAFE

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Haste Merrie Christmas on your way
Nor let your way be long,
We welcome you with holiday
ith laughter and with song.
Forget that fragile shop girl who
Stands ten long hours because of you,
Serving that fretful, crowding crew
Who round your symbols throng.

Haste Merrie Christmas, all your house
With mirth and cheer is bright.
Within your presence we carouse
With joyous friends and light.
Forget amid your feast and fun
That homesick country boy alone
In some hall-bedroom, with not one
To take his hand to-night

Hail, Merrie Christmas! haste and see
For your rejoicing's sake
What mirth about your blossomed tree
Our dainty chidren make.
Forget that mother who to-night
In some chill tenement's poor light
Holds little, giftless children tight
And dreads to see them wake.

Forget and welcome thrice to us
The well-content and prosperous.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Life.

My dear Mirrorites.

What can I write to, or wish, you at this time, but the old, old cheery greeting? "A Merry, Merry Christmas," and God bless us everyone! When you read my salutation, Father Christmas and good old Santa Claus, will be tip toeing about your dwellings.

It will be Christmas Eve, that night of exquisite anticipation, mystery and awful wonder to childish hearts.

To those of us who to-day have lost some of the anticipation and mystery, and perhaps most irrevocable, all of the wonder of the occasion, I have a few words to pass on from Norman Duncan's delightful Christmas story, "The Suitable Child."

They are intended mainly for those malefactors who believe in telling children "the truth about Santa Claus," but they have a deeper and a broader application as well.

"They who being able in any proper way to provide those pleasures of Christmas which are meet and due according to the established custom but still withhold them from children do thieve jewels from the helpless; and herein is a mystery; that these stolen riches do in no way benefit the robbers, but change in their very hands to the weeds of selfish ways, which spring poisonously and enfold and constrict.

"They who go about proclaiming against the festival joy — they who would destroy the fairy-fictions of the Time. They who withdraw into themselves — they who are dried up and selfish and self-sufficient and niggardly and suspicious and narrow-believing—they who preach a departure from the customs of the fathers —they who discover selfishness in anxious generosity — they who complain and sneer and ridicule — they who stop their ears against laughter and lift sour faces to the morning; all such do aid and abet the theft of innocent delight and having spread corruption do stand in peril of the same punishment.

"Let them all beware lest they perish indeed! Age is upon them — no tender hand of the years to beautify and gladden; but terrible age of the spirit to wither and to kill. Stop thief."

A man to-day told me that there wasn't half as much gold in the world as he had once thought there was; that he was losing his faith in things, that he was discovering the clay feet of his idols more and more as the days went by.

I will not believe that the gold is lacking. I will not take his word that people are false, and that most of my saints on a pedestal are vain and misleading.

The gold is there if we will but hunt for it—but it is of the kind that can be bought without money and without price. It lies buried in human hearts, and it takes a little child to search for it, and bring it forth at Christmas time. Our faith we can keep if we but will, and our ideas need never be shattered if we will remain true to them.

The story in the Christmas Journal Competition that won first prize and was entitled, "The Man Who Found Himself," took for its text the idea that in sacrificie is found happiness, in losing, finding; in thoughtfulness for others the only sure and perfect joy.

Take the lesson to heart, dear Mirrorites with me. Not for nothing did I put that "Word to Christmas" at the head of the column for this week.

There has just been concluded in the Century Magazine, a novel by Miss May Sinclair entitled "The Creators," which is arousing a great deal of discussion both here and in England.

It endeavors to answer the much-argued question, "Shall a genius marry?" and answers it in no uncertain words in the negative.

"If any woman is to do anything stupendous, it means virginity," she puts into the mouth of one of her characters, while very genius who wanders into the pages of her book be he or she, man or woman, would seem to prove that her contention was right. The women who tried the experiment broke their hearts or had them broken, while the men made life such a hell on earth for their wives, one wished they had been content to spend it in nursing their own "sacred fire."

I think, of course, that Miss Sinclair uses the word "genius" much too readily. Geniuses are in actuality very few and far between. Men and women of decided talent are, on the other hand, far more numerous than we imagine.

Look about you in your own particular little circle of existence and you will discover any number of highly gifted persons, but your man or woman of genius will lead you a long and practically endless chase.

That if once found they would be ill to live with, does not seem to follow as a logical conclusion.

Of course the Carlyles, the Brontes, Byron's domstic arrangements, and others may be cited as proving that geniuses might much better live alone—but I have always had an idea that what was wrong with the Carlyles was not so much his genius as his extremely bad temper, a common failing, coupled with stupendous selfishness, and Jane Welsh's own lack of tact and understanding.

Geniuses are as prone to make incompatible marriages as a rule; much more exacting, short of temper, introspective and conceited, they are, without a doubt, much more difficult to live with. To make the contention though that single blessedness is an essential to the best work, is as ridiculous as it is discredited by actual facts.

What greater support has any man or woman than wife or husband and a family who look up to them?

One recalls tentatively, perhaps, men and women of great promise who have had to work in uncongenial surroundings. Painters and writers in stuffy attics and cheap lodgings houses. Geniuses, if you will, who have seemingly been held back by debts contracted for the support of their families. But against this can you not offset the goad their helplessness and care has proven, in putting these same geniuses on their mettle to bring forth the best that was in them.

Think too where many of the gifted fraternity would be without those near and dear to them to encourage and hearten them, not only in the days of their struggling, but when success had come, and malicious, jealous tongues began to wag.

Think, last and most important of all, of the quality of work we should have from men and women who lived only on the heights. Consider the artificial quality of it, the limited appeal it would make, and then be glad, with an exceeding gladness, that very few of our best writers take Miss Sinclair's point of view.

What books have made the widest and best appeal? The works of men and women far removed, from the actual humdrum existence we are all familiar with, or those that deal with common problems, common troubles, and the little glad things of life!

Wherein lies the secret of Dickens' tremendous popularity? What caught on when Kipling started to sing his Barrack Room Ballads? Wasn't it in both cases the humanness and truthfulness to life that each, in its own way bore?

Why do we all love Barrie? What makes the Josiah Allen stories dear to the hearts of every one who has read them? Isn't it the getting down to brass tacks of them, and the feeling that they represent the realities of life, as your yourself have noticed them?

Miss Sinclair is away out in her reckoning. What the world lacks to-day is simplicity, mutual helplfulness, and a saner, healthier outlook on the Worth While things.

We are satiated with problem stories, studies in temperament, and the like. We want to learn the old Bible admonition of "in honor preferring one another." Not to study and analyze ourselves more, but less. We ned to sweeten, and nothing yet ever sweetened in isolation.

I have heard friends of mine sympathizing with talented men and women who have married seemingly uncongenial mates I see no reason for this. A person should marry the complement of themselves—and the complement of a man of high mentality is a woman who will love and car for him. See that he is fed and clothed properly, and bring him down to the common plane of a happy, domestic existence.

Peggy

Miss Alice Kennedy, the popular and clever little leading lady of the Partello Co. now playing at the Empire Theatre

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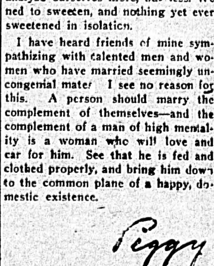
Mistress of Shenstone

By the author of "Rosary"
LITTLE HAS 'EM



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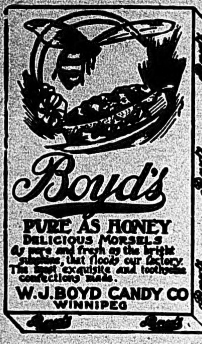

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Second Chance

By the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

WATCH LITTLE'S WINDOWS

China Cannot Be Christianized

So says a returned missionary, who speaks in a pessimistic strain

"China will never be Christianized." This is the belief of the Rev. August H. Bach, amissionary of Canton province, China.

As a missionary, the Rev. Mr. Bach served twelve years among the Chinese. During that time he studied them closely, their manners, customs, and habits. He is probably as well versed in Chinese lore as any white man of the Orient, and knowing the Chinese as he does, he declares that the Christian churches of the world are wasting thousands of pounds every year in China, through a wrong way of doing missionary work.

Here are some of the hard facts which he set forth in London recently for the consideration of the hundreds of churches which annually pour their contributions into the Chinese mission field.

"The religion of to-day in China is Confucianism among the educated classes, and absolute atheism among the working people," asserts Rev. Mr. Bach. "Chinese government favors both, and they justify Chinese soul life. Christianity is considered as 'foreign' and, therefore, officially bad. No boy of a Chrstan college s admitted to examinations.

"It can be said that by means of the new school Confucianism will be tevived and form the established religion of China. By that, Christianity has run up against a brick wall. After tweleve years of work among the Chinese, I may say that the longer a white man lives in China the more wlling he is to admit that he knows less and less about the heart of the Celestial.

"They like only too well to use the missions as a means of advancing their own personal interests, and the missionary sees too late that his success has only been an imaginary one.

One great hindrance In working in China is the different denominations whose special doctrines are brought over. What can John Chinaman do but laugh when one missionary wants to immerse, the second to sprinkle, while the third advocates no baptism at all, the fourth asks him to keep Sunday—and the next one condemns them all, and teaches that keeping of Saturday will open the golden gate?

'The Chinese, smart as they are, only like to take advantage of these circumstances; the cunning and deception of the Oriental has been pitted against the Christian forces and in many cases Christianity has come off second best. In a good many stations, nine out of ten return to their old form of worship as soon as the mission does not offer any practical advantage.

Desert the Church.

'For nine years I mostly worked on educational lines, and found the Chinese very smart students. But out of the 600 to 700 students not one remained a Christian, but as soon as there was opportunity to go into government service they forgot all about Christian teaching and changed into good Confucianists.

"Mission schools, worked and kept up by foreign money, are much liked by the Chinese, because they can get education without paying for tuition, and have a white man as friend if any official tries to squeeze some cash out of him. I am convinced that any money for mission schools is simply wasted. If the Chinese want Western learning let them pay for it.

"Just as little sympathy I feel for the medical missions. Mission societies all over the world are spending thousands of pounds annually on hospitals for the Chinese they send over medicines, and not one Chinaman is in doubt that his native medicnes are much better.

Oriental Civilisation.

"Still less I think of those who want to work on civilization lines. It is ten to one that the first Chinaman they meet upon their arrival will be highly polished and far advanced in Oriental civilization; take that man out of his place, and make him 'half and half,' and he is good for nothing. Nothing is worse than a half-Europeanised Chinaman, and 'missions' which go out for the civilization methods are neither Christian nor missions, and ought not to be supported by the churches.

"Now, there are some missionaries who simply bring the Bible to the people. Is their success better or worse than the success of the industrial, medical, or ethical misionary? Yes and no; yes, because they may find some believers; no, because they will not find very many who stay with them for any length of time.

"I highly esteem the fact that hundreds of Christians died in the Boxer troubles, but at the same time many sacrificed to their idols. A Chinaman may astonish you by the way he takes in Christian teaching, and by-and-by show that his Christianity was only an outward show.

"I remember a Chinese pastor, who for over thirty years preached daily, and yet one day before his death he confessed that all the time he had worshipped his idols too, and he wanted to be buried in a heathen way. Yet at the same time, Christians of one year's standing suffered martyrdom gladly.

"One Chinese Christian I remember was a handsome fellow, with the most polished manners. He seemed to be thoroughly good and trustworthy, and I would have wagered anything upon his honesty and integrity. One morning I woke up to find that he had been arrested as a murderer and a pirate. They produced indisputable evidence of his guilt. I was utterly dumbfounded. This man was in the daytime a clean, honest gentleman, but at dark he girded his daggers and pistols and became a murderer. He had been doing this for a long time.

Rival of Confucianism.

"It seems that since the Russo-Japanese war, Confucianism has revived in a wonderful way. Officials, students and scholars united to give Confucianism a new lift up. Now they are the leaders of the common people, and as long as they are as hostile against Christianity, Christianity can make out very slow progress, if any progres at all.

"We do not know the earth, how can we know heaven?' is a saying of Confucious, and a common reply to the missionary.

"Another reason which makes Chinese hostile to misionary enterprise is that white men have not always shown themselves true to their professions. White men and Christian is the same to any Chinaman. The Chinese whether Mohammedan or Buddhist, Confucianist or Taoist, are forbidden the drinking of intoxicants. Therefore, it is considered very bad to get drunk. Many white people in the East, soldiers and sailors, especially, get drunk, and act in foolish ways. Then the Chinese will carefully call your attention to these men and say that, if this is the outcome of Christianity, they will rather have none of it.

"Quite in a different way is the work of the Roman Catholics. Where in Protestantism hundreds of small denominations work, with the Catholic there is one compact church; moreover the fathers are mostly very highly educated men, and have their home in China. The methods they employ—advising in law suits, etc.—bring many people to their Churches, who nevertheless are very lukewarm Christians.

"As to the future, I do not see that Christianity will make much headway in China. Since the Boxer uprising, and especially after the Russo-Japanese war, the Orientals have gone over to a passive resistance, and the successful American and Japanese boycotts have strengthened their coura[ge]. One of the Shanghai papers, spe[ak]ing on this subject, said:

"'Foreigners brought over Christianity, liquor and opium. Christianity spoils our families, and teaches us to despise ancestral worship; liquor ruins our family life and the morals of the people; opium makes us slaves of the white devils and draws all money out of China. We have to fight the three, and we will be the mightiest power under heaven.'

"In face of these facts, I say if anyone feels the call to spend his life in China as a missionary, let him do so on his own account or responsibility, but it is of no use whatever to civilize China and support institutions there which the Chinese nether support nor are thankful for, and to send money out for such purposes is simply a waste."

THE MAGNIFYING EYES OF THE CAMEL.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of fire-light—rose complaining. Mustafa Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest; but the beast would not down, and must be beaten—the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja,' replied Mustafa, 'a most curious and interesting thing about this.'

Ahmed had mastered the camel and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed,' Mustafa sontinued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid, nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provsion whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses, and increase the stature of his master seven times; wherefore he is obedient to this gigantic-appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard ths superstition.—Norman Duncan, in Harper's Magazine.

LONG SPEECHES.

(London Globe.)

M. Jaures is not at all pleased with the proposal before the French Chamber to limit the duration of speeches to ten minutes. All that really need be said on most matters could, if the speaker clearly grasped his subject, be spoken in ten minutes, but probably the Socialist leader is jealous of the latitude recently allowed the Austrian Deputy Kotlorsch, who spoke for three hours. But his record is beaten by an instance in England, when an opponent of O'Connell obstructed one of his bills by speaking for eight hours. Senator Sumner at the time of the American war of secession, delivered an oration lasting eleven hours. At the assembly at Bordeaux in 1871 the Mayor of Strassburg brought about his death from the exhaustion following upon his speech.

How Miss Redcliffe becomes La plus Chic de Toute Kensington—Punch

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HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Four)

Tickets are selling very rapidly for the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire Military Bal Poudre, on December 30th in the Separate School Theatre. They may be obtained from the members and officers of the Chapter.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie's "tea" on Wednesday last in her apartments in the Rene Lemarchand Mansion, was one of the happy little reunions of th week, the guests coming early and remaining late, lured by the cosiness of their surroundings, and the temptation to linger over their tea.

Mrs. Ritchie received her guests in an elegant creation of dark Copenhagen blue velvet, trimmed with cut-steel ornaments and elaborately beaded. The reception room was handsomely decorated with palms and white sweet peas, and the tea-table was elaborately and most artistically arranged with a great bowl of white chrysanthemums on a mirror base, while the entire cloth was sprinkled with white sweet peas.

Here Mrs. Blain, Mrs. James K. Cornwall, Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie and Mrs. Dickins presided, while the Mlles. Cauchon were two most attentive assistants.

The Matinee Bridge given by Mrs. Frank Smith in the parlors of the King Edward on Saturday afternoon, drew together a large and very smart gathering of women, who enjoyed thoroughly the hour and a half at the popular game.

Mrs. Smith received her guests in a very handsome gown of golden charmeuse satin with elaborate garnitures and embroidery, and a smart turban with gold gauze and pale green ostrich feathers.

At five, a delicious tea was served by a capable staff of waiters, a large number dropping in for the tea-hour. The table crowned with a great basket of golden mums was laden with the most tempting dainties, and it was six o'clock before a great many of the guests who had children at Mrs. Pardee's baby party, scurried off to collect their infants.

The two pretty prizes fell to Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Dickins. To name all those who were there would be to enumerate most of the gay social world of Edmonton.

The closing exercises of Miss Geach's Kindergarten class, took place in the McLean Block on Thursday morning and drew an audience of interested mothers, who watched with the greatest delight, their proud young sons and daughters go through their paces. It was a charming sight, and a fascinating programme, these bonny wee girls and boys singing their little songs in sweet childish voices, that almost brought a lump into your throat, so appealing they were, so inexpressibly sweet and soft, and then there were marches and any number of other quaint capers, and last of all the presentation of presents they had themselves made for their fathers and mothers, while Miss Lambly, their clever young teacher, gave each of them a box of delicious chocolates to take home.

The room was gayly decorated with Christmas favors, and paper ropes, no doubt the work of the pupils' own industrious fingers, while some fragrant lilies-of-the-valley made the air sweet with their perfume, and lovely by their presence.

Before leaving I had a peep at the children's work, kept ever so neatly in books, and it was wonderful to see how patient and painstaking they had all been, and how very clever in working out the designs.

It was a happy little flock who departed for home, each clasping his and her particular mama's hand, and I think I have seen nothing one-half so appealing at this Merry Merry time of the year, as these charming little folk.

.....

I am sure Miss Geach and Miss Lambly are doing excellent work in their respective classes, and trust that parents in Edmonton are appreciating the opportunities their being here, affords their children.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh McCarthy have returned from their honeymoon, spent in Lakewood, N.J., Toronto, and other points east. They will reside for the winter at 90 Roslyn road. Winnipeg Telegram.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Paule Brault, daughter of Notary H. A. Brault, of Montreal, and Mr.] Albert Dubuc. son of former Chief Justice and Madame Dubuc. The wedding will take place in Montreal on January 4th. Mr. Dubuc formerly practised in Edmonton with his brother, Mr. Lucien Dubuc.

Menu

For Christmas Dinner at the Windsor Hotel

Pickled Walnuts — Chow Chow — Olive Farcies — Salted Almonds
White Celery
Blue Points on Half Shell au Citron — Russian Caviar on Toast
Pate de Foies Gras — Sliced Tomatoes
Consomme Royal — Bisque de Cruettes — Mock Turtle au Quenelles
Filet of B.C. Salmon au Vin Blanc — Flounders a la Dieppaise
Pomme de Terre Duchesse — **Pommes de Auphine**
Saratoga Chips
Boiled Fowl au Bechamel Maigre — Sugar Cured Ham a la Maraschino
Braised Grouse, Cumberland Sauce — Champignons sur Crouton Bordelaise
Lobster en Timbale aux Persil
Terrine de Huitres au Beurre Fond — Banana Charlotte, Sauce Chandeau
Paires en Surprise, Glace au Cognac
Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding
Stuffed Young Turkey with Sausage. Cranberry Sauce
Jugged Venison, jus de Viande — Suckling Pig, Sauce et Aignons
Spring Chicken, Bread Sauce.. — Mallard Duck, White Sauce
Domestic Goose, Giblet Sauce — Haunch of Moose, Claret Sauce
Trumpeter Pigeons aux Gelee
Salad de Choux Fleurs aux Harico. Verts — Mayonaise Crab
Dressed Lettuce
Combination Salad with French Dressing
Mashed Potatoes — Sweet Potatoes au Four
Green Corn on Cob — Petit Pois a la Francaise
Baked New Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce
Deep Apple Pie a la Creme — Hot Mince Pie au Fromage
Lemon Cheese Tart au Meringue
English Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce
Fresh Strawberries with Whipped Cream — Maple Jelly in Case.
Washington Ice Cream a la Nanas — Christmas Cake
Assorted Cake
Lady Finger Kisses — Niagara Grapes — Oranges — Figs and Nuts
Bon Bons — Snow Apples
Layer Raisins
McLaren's Cheese — Canadian Cheese
Cafe Noir
Black Tea — Green Tea

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PRINCE FREDERICK OF TECK.

The brother of Queen Mary, who died recently. His resemblance to his brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, who accompanied the present King and Queen to Canada in 1901, will be noted.

The engagement is announced of Mary Louise, daughter of Mrs. Campbell of Woodstock, and the late William A. Campbell of Chatham, to Mr. Sidney Hope Thompson of Shirley. Alberta, son of the late Mr. T. J. J. Thompson of Chatham. The marriage will take place quietly on Wednesday, December 28, at Woodstock.

Mrs. Norman Soars has chosen the second Tuesday for her reception day.

The engagement is announced of Miss Norma Lindsay Glanville of Calgary, and Mr. Brenton Pascoe Alley, of Lanigan, Sask, formerly of Edmonton. The marriage will take place during Christmas week.

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The Great Traders of the Great West

Our Xmas Fur Sale

should be very helpful to both men and women in solving the question of what to give.

Fur Lined Coats for Women

(Second Floor)

$160.00 Coats now	$112.00
155.00 " "	110.00
125.00 " "	95.00
115.00 " "	74.00
92.00 " "	65.00
75.00 " "	49.00
50.00 " "	35.00

Furs for Women

(Second Floor)

Women's Muskrat Coats—170.00 Coats now 139.00; 125.00 Coats now 92.50
Hudson Seal Coats—225.00 Coats now 175.00
Near Seal Coats—135.00 Coats now 99.00
Hudson Seal Coats—150.00 Coats now 99.00

Furs for Men

(Main Floor)

100.00 Raccoon Coats now - 82.00 85.00 Raccoon Coats now - 70.00
90.00 " " " - 75.00 70.00 " " " - 55.00

Fur Lined Coats for Men

(Main Floor)

Men's Coats lined with full furred muskrat skin with Persian lamb collars, regular $95.00 value. Xmas Sale - - - **77.50**

White Bear Coats for Children

(Second Floor)

Children's White Bear Coats in all the latest novelties for children's wear. Lined throughout with fine eiderdown, made in 1, 2 and 3 size. Regular 2.15, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, tomorrow your choice **1.95**

Dressing Gowns for Men

(Men's Wear Dept.—Main Floor)

A choice assortment to select from

$5.00 Dressing Gowns, now	$4.00
7.50 " " "	6.00
8.50 " " "	6.80
10.00 " " "	8.00
13.50 " " "	10.80

Smoking Jackets for Men

5.00 Jackets, now	4.00
6.00 " "	4.80
7.50 " "	6.00

Flannel Lined Vests

that will carry Xmas cheer to "Him." Men's imported flannel lined Fancy Vests

2.50 Vests now	1.95
3.00 " "	2.45
4.00 " "	3.25

HANDKERCHIEFS---Xmas Sale

Men's Fancy Silks, a big variety for top pocket use, values in the lot up to 40c. On sale tomorrow at the very low price of - **25c**
Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, with Xmas greeting, value up to 75c, tomorrow on sale at - **45c**
Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all boxed ready for gifts, six in each. Special value - **95c**

In the Athletic World

Pollough Pogue, writing in the Vancouver Province, goes down to the brass tacks, in discussing why sport, when it is carried on for its own sake, should make a strong appeal to everyone who wants to see the human race kept up to the mark.

"For most of us," he says, "life is serious, but fortunately for humankind, the athletic habit and the athletic instinct are strong and unabated, though the game is old among men. As it was in the cordial springtime of ancient Greece, the athletic sentiment is still a kind of robust paganism that stiffens the national spine, cheats degeneracy and makes our young men strong-bodied and clean-minded. Those clean, strong Greeks, whose deeds in war and sport are still told in song and story, gave to their Olympic games a religious meaning and made a fetich of bodily excellence. When under the sun of Homer, with the trampling warswing of Pindaric music to stir them to gladiatorial antagonism, the ancient athletes strove naked in a huge stadium built into the side of a hill, there was pure amateurism. A heroic spirit inspired those naked cleanly-modelled men. The winners received nothing save enduring glory, a wreath of olive leaves and the especial favor and clemency of the gods. Afterward they served as models for sculptors.

"Since that old time many things have changed, but not the inside nature of men. Gifts of strength and skill still raise men to honor as surely as intellectual achievement. No man can watch a competition of athletes without feeling an impulse to join in the game. The old spirit of contest still stirs in him, though grey age may have diminished his energy. Love of sport is bred in our bone; it is elemental; we have all sucked it from the kindly breasts of our good old mother, the earth that spawned us. The game is a part of the color of life; next to the day's work, and perhaps the emotion or duty of religion, it is the strongest thing. Men get their athletic equipment at the same time as their academic education, and of the two the muscle-training is the more valuable. The two together make of a man a perfect cube, and there are many such godlike men. But even the mere athlete has more than splendid muscles. Beside strength of body, he has serenity of mind, mental alertness and quick decision. And the enthusiasm of contest makes a man great in qualities of soul.

"When a man's interest in sport dies his nature is out of joint. Something very unhealthy ails him."

W. H. SHEPPARD, Strathcona.
President Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

The idea is well expressed, and we cannot emphasise it too much. With all the low-down tendencies that have come to be mixed-up with athletics, those who love games simply for what they give to those who play them should assert themselves. It is when they come to be regarded as a money-making proposition that the danger arises or when the mass of people are content to be mere spectators. Games were invented to play not to watch. A few years ago there appeared some verses in an English magazine, which the article I have quoted from led me to look up in one of my scrap-books.

Here they are; entitled "A British Football Sang,"

Look up, ye Shepherds, greet the welcome sun
Driving afar the dismal rain-clouds dun;
Lead forth the flock, cut a dry hemlock pipe
Seek for your loves the nuts and berries ripe.

As when the dove with half of olive told
A new creation to the Fathre's old;
Thus may ye frame again your songs of joy,
And blithely seek once more your dear employ.

See old Damoetas, leaning on his staff
Come from his cot to share the sport and laugh
To watch the mimic war, where on the green
The contest of the flying ball is seen.

The doughty charge, the encasing suit of mud,
The winner's warder, left to chew the end,
The dexterous pass(so often gone astray)
The repercussive head that tops the fray.

Sing of the flyer, tryer, on the right
Sing of the centre, faint bul full of fight;
Sing of the stubborn "half"—honor to him ,
Who multiplied the length of every limb.

These ever by thy sports, my native land
To train the mind, the heart, the eye, the hand.
"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey"
Where "gates" accumulate and men decay.

I know what the promoter of up-to-date sport will to say to this. It's a very picture, he will tell us, quite what is to be expected in a village or around a country schoolhouse, but when we come to live in a large city, we cannot expect to find anything of the sort there. It is true that we don't find it, but that is no reason why we should not. Those who live in a densely-populated community profit more by the playing of games than those who live in the country, for the reason that most of the latter must get more exercise and breathe better air in the performance of their ordinary labors than do the former. The trouble is that the proper facilities for games are not provided with the growth of population. In every city there should be half-a-dozen large open spaces where men and boys could get out and play what games they wished. That's what we want, not ornamental parks, useful as these are in their way.

Only once in a Canadian city have I even seen such a playground that everyone was free to use. Twenty years ago part of Queen's Park in Toronto was devoted to this purpose and on Saturday afternoons there would often be four or five hundred young fellows playing baseball, football and lacrosse. It was a sight you never could forget. But the ground was needed for other purposes. A new college building was erected on part of it and nothing was ever done to get a new playground.

The section of the east end park which is to be used for this purpose in Edmonton should help a great deal. It should be conducted, not with the idea of providing a place for people to go and watch a few fellows play but where everybody feels quite free to go and play himself.

It is satisfactory also to know that the council is thinking of acquiring the present golf links as city property. The part nearest the river can be made extremely beautiful, with walks and drives cut through the woods and along the river bank, while the bulk of it can be used for general recreation purposes. Golf isn't a game that the mass of the people have taken up yet, but there is no reason why there should be any exclusivness about it. Public links are a great success in American and English cities and there is no reason why they should not be here. It is essentially a game for playing and not for watching, and if the present links were kept up by the city and open to the use of everybody, under necessary regulations, of course, it would be a fine thing.

It is an encouraging thing to find professionalism a failure in many games. In Alberta this winter a live provincial amateur hockey league is reviving interest in the game everywhere and people are beginning to realize how foolish were the ambitions of other years, the result of which was to add to the bank account of a few men who were playing hockey just for what there was in it and at the same time help out the dividends of the railway companies. Across the line, where the professional spirit is supposed to hold particular sway there are two sports in which amateurism has come to be recognized as the only thing. These are rowing and football. The attempt to make the latter a box-office proposition has been a complete failure. Professional teams were organized this year in some eastern cities and their losses are estimated by the Buffalo Express as follows:

Ducresne, $7,800; Homestead, $7,500; Watertown, $12,000; Franklin, $11,000; Philadelphia, $7,000; Massillon, $6,000; Canton, $5,000; Syracuse, $3,000; Latrobe, $2,500; Greensberg, $2,000.

Next month will be a big one for the Edmonton curlers, the Alberta Bonspiel being held for the first time in this city. Close to 100 rinks are expected to participate. The Winnipeg Free Press says that Billy Homer is counting on bringing up a rink from that city.

John Rae is in charge of the publicity committee. Invitations have been sent all over Canada. There will be at least four rinks from Winnipeg present and representative rinks from Saskatoon, Humboldt, Battleford, Prince Albert Fernie, Nelson, Rossland and Cranbrook.

The curlers' sermon will be presented on the Sunday of the Bonspiel week by Rev. H. R. Grant, Chaplain of the Alberta branch.

HON. C. W. CROSS
Patron, Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

S. S. SAVAGE, Calgary
Patron Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

A Little Tragedy of Waste

My Lady Gets a New Fur Coat for Christmas

By S. H. Howard, in Christmas Collier's

Scene I.—A taxidermist's shop.

Taxidermist (sententiously) — This is a specimen of the once well-nigh universal Canadian beaver, from which this great country obtains its national emblem.

Curious Visitor (innocously) — Did you stuff it yourself?

Taxidermist—Yes, but some years ago; we don't get them in here very often nowadays. You see, the law is on beaver. A land surveyor left this one here to be mounted, but he never came back for it, and we've kept it ever since as security.

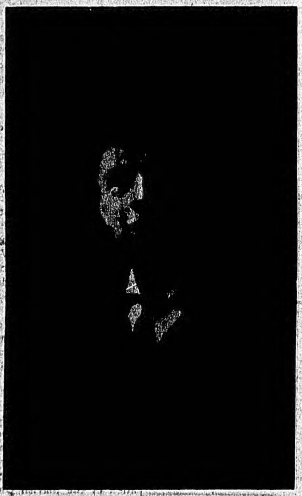
Visitor (poking fur with forefinger) What do you mean by the law being on beaver?

Taxidermist—The game law. Beaver got to be so scare there was a danger of their total extinction. So the Government prohibited the trapping or taking of beaver, to give them a chance. There's a big fine now if you're found with a raw beaver skin in your possession.

Visitor (inspired)—Say, that gives me an idea! I'd like to get a beaver coat for my wife.

Scene II. — Trading shop, Hudson's Bay Post.

Trapper — I have no-ting—not a damn ting, but only wan leetle beaver and one ermine.



S. J. BLAIR, Calgary
Secretary, Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

Trader—What's the matter—is fur gettin' played out in your grounds, too?

Trapper—By gosh— I dunno wat's de matter; I put out my traps—I walk very far—I go back and back—I put out fresh bait—I catch noting! I see no tracks, just a little white snow—clean—noting at all. By gosh—the bush is empty!

Trader—Well, I'm sorry, Joe. I can't buy the beaver—you know that. The law's on beaver. And the ermine it's only worth twenty-seven cents.

Trapper—I have no flour and no grease. Wat you do when your little boy is sick and you have no grease.—eh?

Trader—Sorry, Joe.

Trapper — Wat you mean—you's sorry—you won't give me no grub?

Trader—I'd advance you some flour and pork on your next catch, Joe, but you owe me a lot of fur now, and you say yourself your country is played out.

Trapper—By the gee cree! Wat you want me do, eh? Wait till fur got plenty again before Ieat? Dat's too long. My leetle boy—he's too sick. I'm agraid he'll die pretty soon wit noting to eat.

Trader—Well, I'll give you a bottle of medicine and pay the company for it myself, but I can't give you any more debt, Joe, I can't do it. I'm sorry, but business is business.

Trapper—Well, den, will you buy dis leetle beaver skin?

Trader—Can't do it, Joe, the company can't afford to break the law, fines are too big.

Trapper—I'll give you dis beaver for four dollars.

Trader (shaking his head)—Sorry.

Trapper—Two dollars?

Trader—Kawin.

Trapper—Fifty cents?

(Trader shakes his head. Halfbreed throws skin down on the floor in a rage.) By the gee cree, Mantou to Hell—I'll give you dis beaver for noting and you give me a little flour!

Trader—We can't have beaver in our possession at all, Joe. I'm sorry, but I can't do anything. You take it to the railroad. Fur buyers are thicker'n hair out there. You'll get full price for it out there from one of the contraband fellows—if you go about it right.

Trapper (in despair)—De railroad! Gee cree—dat's four days' hard snowshoe from here.

Scene III.—A metropolitan fur emporium.

Lady (in long mink coat)—Mink's going out, you say? I only bought this coat three years ago, and it's perfectly good yet. It seems a pity.

Salesman (guardedly sympathetic) —Yes, there must be over fifty skins in that coat. But mink got so high the furriers had to swing the fashion. Everybody is wearing the long-haired furs now.

Lady (in dismay)—Dear me, suppose I will have to get a polar bear or something.

(Proprietor appears, well groomed, urbane.)

Proprietor — Good morning, good morning, are you finding vat you vish, lady?

Lady—Yes, thank you; I was just exclaiming about the extravagance of furs. It's shocking.

Proprietor (politically agreeable)—Quvite, quvite. I remember ven ve coud buy raw musk-rats for nine cents a skin. To-day they can't be bought under a dollar and a half—one tousand per cent. advance! (Smiles in delight.)

Salesman (insinuatingly) — Shall I show the lady that special rat coat, sir?

Proprietor—Yes, bring it ouat. This is a very special coat, indeed, madam. Very special.

(Clerk returns with coat of unplucked beaver.)

Lady—What fur is that—some kind of seal?

Proprietor—Dis is vat is known as prime Canadian beefer, lady.

Lady—Beaver? So that is what beaver's like. I never saw beaver fur

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

FRUIT IS THE SAFETY VALVE

That Regulates the Body

"Fruit-a-tives" Is The Only Medicine Made of Fruit Juices.

"The Creator, in His wonderful economy, has always constructed with a purpose. He has distributed fruit all over the earth and has caused them to mature at a time when the solid and carbonaceous foods are not needed by the body. The latter only clog the vital machinery resulting in disease, whereas the juicy, stimulating properties of fruit keep the vital forces properly balanced and regulated."

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50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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French Lessons by Mail

New, improved, practical and easy method. 8 weeks for $1.00. Send to J. le Cerf, Raven, Alberta.

This despatch from Chicago appeared in the newspapers the other day:

No more bath tubs will be installed in the houses to be built for the foreign workmen employed by the various subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation at Gary, Ind. This is the edict that came from the big corporation yesterday.

When an architect made application for a building permit in behalf of the company, which intends to erect a score of concrete houses in the western part of the city, it was noticed that the plans called for all modern conveniences, with the exception of the bathtubs.

"Three years ago," said a steel corporation official, "we erected 6 well appointed houses for foreign workmen and their families, and placed bathtubs in each one. A year later a report was wanted from New York as to how they were taking to the tubs. An inspection revealed the fact that not in one instance was a bath tub ever used. We found that they were being utilized for coal bins and such purposes, so we decided that it was best to omit the tubs."

The above will doubtless lead some well-intentioned people to moralize about the need of bringing our immigrant population up to the standards of American civilization. But is any good likely to be accomplished by such an effort? Are baths not really a waste of time? Are those who take them any more fit physically than those who do not? Why, I myself know the case of an old man in a backwoods township down in Ontario, who lived to be eighty-seven years of age without ever having taken a bath or being given one, so far as he knew. And at the time of his death he was the strongest man in that whole township.

The Coleman Miner has this to say:

"The Editor of the Miner without going into personalities, desires to refute absolutely the infamous lying statements of the junior editor of the Enterprise in regard to the formation of the Slavish Union."

Isn't it awful to think what might happen if the Miner ever did get down to personalities?

The Miner's language recalls an incident in connection with the visit of our present King to the West. As the royal train was nearing a station, a prominent politician paced the platform with a toothpick sticking from his mouth. The committee consulted as to what they should do. Finally, one of them volunteered to speak to the political heavyweight. He strolled along and engaged him in conversation. The toothpick soon disappeared. When he came back he was asked how he managed it. "Oh, I just used a little diplomacy," he said. "But what did you tell him," came the further query. "All I did," came the response, "was to ask him if he hadn't enough sense to take that —— —— thing out of his —— —— mouth, and I didn't have to say anything more. It worked like a charm."

"I may inform you," writes a man to the Toronto Globe, "that all my life I have taken the policy of the Globe as my text, believing in it as I do believe there is a Creator."

After that, the management can hardly do less than provide a stock of up-to-date halos for the members of its staff. I presume the observation of the Globe's correspondent applies to the sporting page as well as the others. Such a certificate should help when the racing editor picks out the winners for the Woodbine meet next spring.

Who said that no real jokes appeared in Punch? This from a recent issue will be appreciated at least in Calgary:

"Whereas the editor of the Calgary Daily Herald (Alberta) has lifted from Punch a picture of a football crowd, and renamed it to suit local requirements; and whereas he has done this without publishing any sort of acknowledgment; now Mr. Punch herewith begs to make full acknowledgment on his behalf."

A teacher in one of the schools was trying to explain the meaning of the word 'recuperate.' 'Bessie,' she said, 'suppose your papa had worked very hard all day. He would be tired and worn out, wouldn't he?' 'Yes, miss.' 'Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?' 'Oh,' replied Bessie, 'that's just what mother wants to know.'

They had reached the outer portals of the front door, and were there going through the process of parting, very lingeringly.

"When I say good-night to you this evening," gurgled Mr. Youngfellow, "do you think it would be proper for me to place one reverent kiss upon your fair hand?"

"Well," she sighed, softly, as she laid her head quietly on his shoulder, "I should consider it decidedly out of place."

"But," protested the remittance man whose father was paying him a visit, "you should make allowance for the follies of youth."

"H'm!" growled the old man. "If it wasn't for the allowance you get there'd be less folly!"

"Papa, what does Santa Claus do between Christmases?"

"Hides from his creditors."

"When young fellers gets a courtin'," said the man from down the line "they sure goes plumb crazy, an' that boy Sam o' mine ain't no exception."

"So Sam's started, eh?" queried the nearest neighbor.

"Started? I should say so. Why, didn't he go inter town yesterd'y an' blow in half a dollar for a toothbrush?"

What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"

The Hunters.

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill;
It made a great to-do, and then was still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a nearby wood
A pretty shot, offhand, from where he stood.
(It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown,
And lived in town.)

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul
That later proved to measure six feet tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth—
It's name was Smith.

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox.
He glimpsed him lurking in among the rocks.
One rapid shot! It never spoke nor moved.
The inquest proved.

A 'cautious" man espied a gleam of brown;
Was it deer—or Jones, a friend from town?
But while he pondered by the river's brim
Jones potted him.

Philadelphia Ledger.

MISTAKES ABOUT THE STRONG MAN.

"The 'strong man rejoicing to run a race' is praised for his disinterested virtue. Brave fellow! How noble he is in his self-forgetting zeal! There he goes, through all the heat and dust, when he might be here sitting in a rocking-chair.

"The sympathetic and tearful admirer would feel that you were attempting to pull his hero down from the high moral pedestal if you were to say that rocking in a chair was an acquired taste which the strong man does not as yet possess. He prefers to run. He has an excess of animal spirits which must be worked off some way. He rejoices to run, partly because he is alive, and partly because he has a worthy goal presented to him.

"So far as I have been able to observe, such mixed motives are the ones that take men furthest. Altruism is no exception to the general rule that a man does good work only when he likes his job. The football player does not mind his incidental bruises. The fisherman rejoices in his tribulations, and no one thinks it strange. Why should not the altruist get the same sportsmanlike pleasure out of the incidents of his work?

"Human nature is so constituted that it demands that duty be mixed with pleasure. We can not abide an altruist who does not enjoy himself, and who has not a sportsmanlike spirit. We resent his attempt to monopolize brotherly kindness.

"The great helpers of mankind have been men who were shrewd enough to see this condition and frankly to accept it. They have turned their duty into pleasure, and then claimed for themselves only the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. If in this pursuit they incidentally helped their neighbors, they hoped that this would not prejudice anyone against them.—Atlantic Monthly.

GOING SOME.

The guests at a dinner party were telling stories about queer uses of words and phrases, when a woman from Chicago spoke of the efforts of the Scandinavians in the Northwest to get on intimate terms with the English tongue. "They pick up the slang first," she said, "and use it indiscriminately. I was in Wisconsin last summer, near a place where there had been an outbreak of typhoid fever, and I asked a Swedish woman who was doing some work for me if her family had suffered from it. 'Ay ban lost,' she replied, wiping the tears from her eyes, 'my fader, my husband, my sister, all in one month, and I tink dat wass goin some, eh?'

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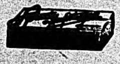

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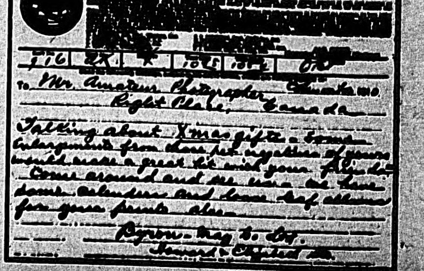

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued.)

Saturday night the music-loving public of Edmonton was given a great treat, possibly all the more appreciated, because such opportunities so rarely come this way. It seems trivial to say that Jaroslav Kocian is a great artist. He combines mastery of technique, with such nicety, such sensitiveness of feeling, one felt great satisfaction in his performance.

Maurice Eisner appeared to combine beautifully the two difficult offices of soloist and accompanist, or rather to fit equally well into both roles. It was a delight to listen to such good work— such clean-cut decisive handling of the keys with all the strength necessary to give just the proper shading.

The concert opened with the performance of a Concerto by D'Ambrosio in C Minor, the really heavy work on the programme. The first movement started a most magnificent motif, which was developed most beautifully. The second movement, the Andante, was most exquisite, a delightful theme thoughtfully and skilfully worked out. The Allegro, the third movement, comprised three parts, the statement of the theme of the Allegro, slightly embroidered; the second a reminiscence of the Andante and the third the presto. It is announced that this is the first performance of the concerto in America, and surely will not be the last of a composition so perfectly adapted to a chamber music. It is worthy of the best effort of a maestro.

Eisner substituted a Bourret by Bach and a Gavotte by Brahms for his first number, as announced. Both were done delightfully, with that perfect finish which characterized all his work. They showed careful, thoughtful study.

Kocian's next numbers were two studies by Bach, unaccompanied. They were the sort that is so well worth while and that make one realize that the old master is yet most satisfying.

an interlude, a most pleasant one and most highly appreciated by a very enthusiastic audience. She sang the aria from agner's Rienzi Der Echte Gott. It is a superb thing and she was given an enthusiastic recall.

Kocian's next suite was probably the best liked one, comprising a Humoresque of his own composition, very gracefully done, a great deal of the beauty perhaps lying in a plaintive sub-theme. The second of the group was an Adagio by Ries who writes exceedingly well for the violin. It was beautifully done. The third was a little Zephyr by Hubay which was quite characteristic and pleased immensely.

Eisner's second and last solo appearance was greatly enjoyed for he played the well known Nocturne of Chopin, Opus XV, number two, and an Etude of Macdowell's which showed his excellent control of the instrument. He was good enough to reappear and play Schumann's Widnung.

A Paganini number seemed quite the proper closing for such a programme. I Papliti was splendid, performed in a manner worthy of such a creation. One realises what a tremendous force the great violin virtuoso was in his time and for all time.

Kocian was gracious enough to respond to an imperious curtain-call. One could say of the whole concert that it was the satisfaction, the joy that a thing well done and perfectly finished is to those who realize that therein lies the greatest art.

A grand opera singer who gets $1,800 a week was able to make only $3.16 a day. She played a trick on the New York public and the public tricked itself, for a large part of it didn't take the trouble to listen to music free that it gladly pays dollars to hear when it is labelled with the opera's and singer's name.

Few singers who have appeared in New York in recent years are better known than Emma Trentini, who gained the title of "the little devil of opera" when she sang at the Manhattan Opera House. When Oscar Hammerstein decided that the Manhattan should be a vaudeville house Trentini moved over to the New York Theatre.

For three hours last Friday Trentini was a street singer. She sang real opera. She gave the best she had—and who were those who rewarded genius with a penny? Who remembered a full, sweet voice, which carried more than three stories, singing!

Soletta per la via gente sosta.

That's the waltz from "La Boheme." She sang it Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock in a yard beind 315, West Ninety-eighth street, which forms a count for six apartment houses facing on Ninety-eighth and Ninety-ninth streets. And the "darling of Broadway" whose salary for one week is $1800, received 6 cents for her entertainment.

Around her head was a red silk shawl. She wore a short gray dress which made her look even smaller than she usually does. Her delicate throat was protected from the raw wind by a gray sweater. The shawl pulled over her forehead almost concealed her round face, and she resembled a gypsy fortune teller or street singer.

It was a baby that first "discovered" the great artist in the street singer's garb. From one of the windows came a penny wrapped in a note. It said:

"The baby won't sleep while you sing. Please go away."

"The baby, 'eeh weel not sleep, no, yes," said Trentini, a roguish twinkle in her big black eyes. "No, 'eeh weel not sleep. I weel sing heem a loolooby."

And here the tiny diva, who stands little more than four feet high, was crooning the softest of melodies in Italian. She sang for only a minute, but a woman's head was thrust from one of the upper windows and a nickel tinkled into the courtyard. Trentini picked it up and waited for more.

There was no more!

Then she tiptoed out of the court.

At the Apthorp apartment house, where a single apartment rents for $10,000 a year, a stern policeman barred the way. He was here to see that none of the guests were disturbed, even by a $1800 a week voice.

At the Ansonia the little troubadour, instead of asking "by your leave," brought out her tambourine and sounded the first note of "La Colomba" ("The Dove"), which was dedicated to her by Kurt Schlinder.

Trentini looked neither to the right nor to the left. She did not turn back, but straight through the swinging

(Continued on Page 12.)

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—and—
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EXCURSIONS
Via the
CANADIAN NORTHERN
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FARE AND ONE THIRD FOR ROUND TRIP
between all stations on the Canadian Northern Railway
Tickets on sale
Dec. 22, 1910, to January 2, 1911. Return limit Jan. 5.
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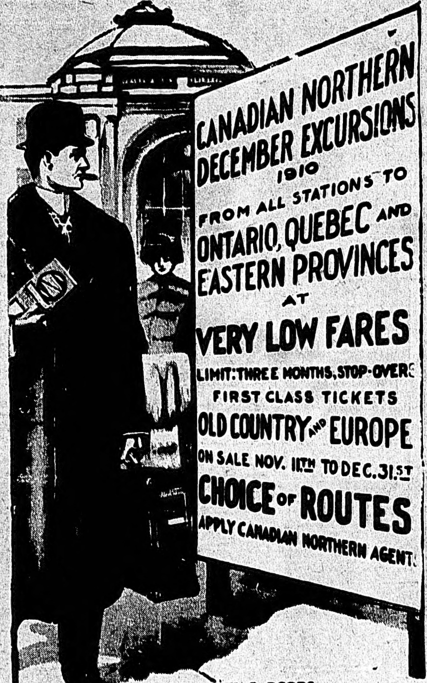

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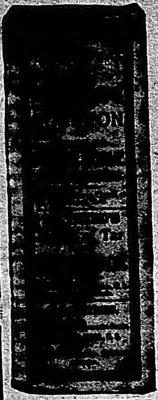

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should be taken at the first symptoms. Children find its taste pleasant, and it keeps them well and strong.

No better combined cure and tonic has ever been compounded. Ask for Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

Where there is fever with the cold take Mathieu's Nervine Powders to reduce the fever and relieve the pain. They are sold in boxes of 18 powders for 25c.

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A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts and exceptional oven .... $[illegible]
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A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for .... $[illegible]
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Building Paper, Tar Paper.
Toilet Sets.
Horse Rugs, from .... $[illegible]
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1252.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF WASTE.
(Continued from page nine.)

Salesman—Very rare, madam; nearly extinct.

Lady (excitedly)—Is that so? Let me try it on. I suppose you could alter it to fit?

Salesman and Proprietor (in unison)—Certainly! Ce-hoit-enly!

Scene IV.—A city home. Evening.

Wife—Shall I bring another cushion?

Husband—if you like.

Wife—Are you sure your feet aren't damp?

Husband—No, not positive.

Wife—You poor darling. Let me take off your boots here in front of the fire, and then I'll warm your slippers.

Husband—What are you getting at, anyway?

Wife (gently reproachful)—Getting at, dearest? Such an expression!

Husband—Any bills?

Wife—Oh, yes! just one.

Husband—How much?

Wife — You won't be angry—will you, duckie?

Husband (sternly)—Out with it.

Wife—Well, my newest and darligest fur coat came home to-day.

Husband—WHAT!

Wife—When you see me in it, you'll say—

Husband—Well, what in the sacred name of common sense! Here you have a Persian lamb coat, a mink coat, a sable set, a set of gray squirrell, a boa of blue fox, and God only knows how many muffs, and you go and order ANOTHER coat! Do you think money is—

Wife (bursting into tears) — You might just as well beat me—after all I've done to make a home for you—brought you your slippers—

Husband (fiercely)—Yes, make a continued fool of yourself—go on.

Wife (hysterical)—A fool! That's right. Curse me next. Beat me. This is the return I get for the love I squan-dered on you. Fool—fool—fool that I was. You told me you loved me, and I believed you. Oh, why, WHY! did I ever? (Screams.)

Husband — Oh, for heaven's sake shut up—you'll scare the whole block.

Wife (shrieking) — Do you hear him? He thinks more of the neighbors than he does of the poor deluded fool he calls his wife.

Husband (uneasy)—Come, come, I don't see what all this infernal fuss is about.

Wife—Infernal! Did you hear him?

Husband — Dearie, don't cry like that, it breaks my heart to hear you. Please, please, for my sake (takes her up in his arms). You'll do yourself harm. I didn't mean to be rough with you—tell me all about your new fur coat, and don't think your husband such a brute.

Wife (brightening) — It's beaver—such a thick, lustrous beauty (smiles ecstatically).

Husband—Beaver! That's contraband.

Wife—Yes, but isn't it lovely?

Husband — Why you little goose, for six months I've had a furrier saving up smuggled beaver skins to make you a new coat for Christmas. I don't want to tell you.

Wife (clapping her hands) — You perfect old darling! (Kisses him.) Now'll I'll have TWO!

Scene V.—One year later. An afternoon tea.

Hostess (with engaging charm)—Cream and sugar?—Yes, furs are getting positively outrageous. Everybody's cook and even the shop girl. You'd wonder where all the fur comes from. I declare it's a problem to know what to get to be ah—distinctive — (pleadingly) don't you know? Last year I tried to wear beaver. I bought one coat myself — unplucked beaver—and Dick, dear boy, gave me a plucked beaver for Christmas. But do you know, by New Year's I found I positively couldn't wear them! —I realized they made me look a perfect fright—My complexion was too muddy, I guess—or my hair. So this spring I didn't bother sending them to cold storage, and (whispering intensely)—the moths got into them! Ruined! (Throws up both hands in prety affectation of horror.) Oh, well (sighing resignedly), I'll make Dick buy me a seal coat this winter.

Chorus—Isn't she just perfectly awful?

Lady in Black—They say there is very little seal left—they have been almost exterminated.

Hostess—That makes seal all the more desirable, doesn't it? Have another cup of tea, Clara, dear—just to please me.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.
(Continued from page eleven.)

doors and into the sacred halls of the Ansonia. W. E. D. Stokes, proprietor of the Ansonia, was passing through the hall when the notes fell on his ear. He stood rooted to the spot and then rushed to the door.

"My dear young woman," it said, "you have a wonderful voice. How did you get into my hotel? Come into the ballroom; I want you to sing for my guests."

A few women, some dressed in fur and diamonds, gathered around. Again Trentini sang "Boheme" and danced about the big ballroom. People paused in their astonishment. Chatelaine bags were opened and out came—nickels and dimes and quarters, and one man gave a dollar!

A woman went to the little singer and asked her if she wouldn't come to her rooms. She was really interested in this talented "waif." The Ansonia is the home of many opera singers, among them Slezak and Bonci, both of whom have sung with Trentini and know her well. It occurred to Manager Stokes that these guests of his would be interested in the little "waif" and he sent for them.

Trentini overheard the order. Her song stopped short, and before any one could realize what she was going to do she had bolted out through the doors. Then she got in her automobile and went to Mulberry street, the Italian quarter. Here too, her music was appreciated. She sang only a few notes before the people in the park and in the neighboring tenements were throbbing with excitement and she was almost mobbed by the overjoyed Italians before she could get away.

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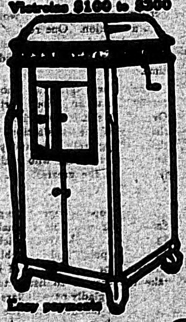

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